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The SPECTATOR.

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WEDNESDAY, *October* 20. 1714.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Have for ſome Time deſired to appear in your Paper, and have therefore choſen a Day to ſteal into the SPECTATOR, when I take it for granted you will not have many ſpare Minutes for Speculations of your own. As I was the other Day walking with an honeſt Country-Gentleman, he very often was expreſſing his Aſtoniſhment to ſee the Town ſo mightily crowded with Doctors of Divinity: Upon which I told him, He was very much miſtaken if he took all thoſe Gentlemen he ſaw in Scarfs to be Perſons of that Dignity; for, that a young Divine, after his firſt Degree in the Univerſity, uſually comes hither only to ſhow himſelf; and on that Occaſion is apt to think he is but half equipp'd with a Gown and Caſſock for his publick Appearance, if he hath not the additional Ornament of a Scarf of the firſt Magnitude to intitle him to the Appellation of Doctor from his Landlady and the Boy at *Child's*. Now ſince I know that this Piece of Garniture is looked upon as a Mark of Vanity or Affectation, as it is made uſe of among ſome of the little ſpruce Adventurers of the Town, I ſhould be glad if you would give it a Place among thoſe Extravagancies you have juſtly expoſed in ſeveral of your Papers; being very well aſſured that the main Body of the Clergy, both in the Country and the Univerſities, who are almoſt to a Man untainted with it, would be very well pleaſed to ſee this reverable Foppery well expoſed. When my Patron did me the Honour to take me into his Family, (for I muſt own my ſelf of this Order) he was pleaſed to ſay he took me as a Friend and Companion; and whether he looked upon the Scarf, like the Lace and Shoulder-knot of a Footman, as a Badge of Servitude and Dependance, I do not know, but he was ſo kind as to leave my wearing of it to my own Diſcretion; and not having any juſt Title to it from my Degrees, I am content to be without the Ornament. The Privileges of our Nobility to keep a certain Number of Chaplains are undiſputed, though perhaps not one in ten of thoſe reverend Gentlemen have any Relation to the noble Families their Scarfs belong to; the Right generally of creating all Chaplains, except the Domeſtick, where there is one, being

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ing nothing more than the Perquisite of a Steward's Place, who, if he happens to out-live any considerable Number of his noble Masters, shall probably, at one and the same Time, have fifty Chaplains, all in their proper Accoutrements, of his own Creation; though perhaps there hath been neither Grace nor Prayer said in the Family since the Introduction of the first Coronet.

I am, &c.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Wish you would write a Philosophical Paper about Natural Antipathies, with a Word or two concerning the Strength of Imagination. I can give you a List, upon the first Notice, of a Rational *Chimd* Cup, of an Egg that walks upon two Legs, and a Quart-Pot that sings like a Nightingale. There is in my Neighbourhood a very pretty prattling Shoulder of Veal, that squawls out at the Sight of a Knife. Then as for Natural Antipathies, I know a General Officer, who was never conquered but by a smother'd Rabbit; and a Wife, that domineers over her Husband by the Help of a Breast of Mutton. A Story that relates to my self on this Subject may be thought not unentertaining, especially when I assure you that it is literally true. I had long made Love to a Lady, in the Possession of whom I am now the happiest of Mankind, whose Hand I should have gained with much Difficulty without the Assistance of a Cat. You must know then, that my most dangerous Rival had so strong an Aversion to this Species, that he infallibly swooned away at the Sight of that harmless Creature. My Friend Mrs. *Lucy*, her Maid, having a greater Respect for me and my Purse than she had for my Rival, always took Care to pin the Tail of a Cat under the Gown of her Mistress, whenever she knew of his coming; which had such an Effect, that every Time he entered the Room, he looked more like one of the Figures in Mrs. *Salmon's* Wax-work, than a desirable Lover. In short, he grew sick of her Company; which the young Lady taking Notice of, (who no more knew why than he did) she sent me a Challenge to meet her in *Lincoln's-Inn* Chappel, which I joyfully accepted, and have (amongst other Pleasures) the Satisfaction of being prais'd by her for my Stratagem. I am, &c.

From the Hoop. Tom. Nimble.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE Virgins of *Great Britain* are very much obliged to you for putting them upon such tedious Drudgeries in Needlework, as were fit only for the *Hilpa's* and the *Nilpa's* that lived before the Flood. Here's a Stir indeed with your Histories in Embroidery, your Groves with Shades of Silk and Streams of Mohair! I would have you to know, that I hope to kill a hundred Lovers before the best Housewife in *England* can stitch out a Battel, and do not fear but to provide Boys and Girls much faster than your Disciples can embroider them. I love Birds and Beasts as well as you, but am content to fancy them when they are really made. What do you think of Gilt Leather for Furniture? There's your pretty Hanging for a Chamber; and what is more, our own Country is the only Place in *Europe* where Work of that Kind is tolerably done. Without minding your musty Lessons, I am this Minute going to *Paul's* Church-Yard, to bespeak a Skreen and a Set of Hangings; and am resolved to encourage the Manufacture of my Country.

Yours,

A Review of [illegible]
fendorf's Essay for [illegible]
a Union between the [illegible]
to a Friend. By Tho. [illegible]
Kent: Printed for Henry Glossop at [illegible]
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